

Nodwick



BY AARON WILLIAMS

SOUL SEARCH



THIS LAKE TASTES
LIKE THAT STUFF THE HURVEAN
DWARVES BREW FOR THEIR
BACHELOR PARTIES.

COUNT YOURSELF
LUCKY. I LANDED ON A "DRACO-SAUCE
CHICKEN WING" BUSH.

I FELL ON A MONEY
MOUNTAIN. GOLD MAY DO LOTS OF
THINGS, BUT BREAKING A FALL ISN'T
ONE OF THEM.



SO THIS
IS YEAGAR'S
SOUL?

HIS MIND AND
HIS SOUL ARE CLOSELY LINKED.
THIS IS HIS DREAMY-SCAPE.

THEN HOW DO
WE FIND HIS SOUL AND FREE
IT FROM THE GAUNTLET
OF SUPREMACY?



IT'S IN THE
BIG TOWER IN THE
MIDDLE OF TOWN YOU
CAN'T MISS IT.

GIGGLE!



WE'RE
IN YEAGAR'S
MIND, ALL
RIGHT.

ARE YOU
SURE? I MEAN, HOW
UNCOMMON ARE BOOZE-
BREATHING MERMAIDS
WITH HUGE---

OKAY,
LET'S SEE
WHAT'S OVER
THAT HILL,
MYKAY?
HMM?!





WE ARE BUT A FEW LEAGUES FROM THE ANSERINIAN BORDER, LORD YEAGAR. OUR **ULTIMATUM FOR SURRENDER** HAS GONE UNANSWERED.

IT'S AS GOOD AS A **SLAP** IN OUR **FACES**. WELL, WE THOUGHT IT MIGHT COME TO THIS. WE'LL **SACK** THE CITY OF REDONSHIRE AS AN **EXAMPLE**.

IS THIS WHAT HE'S SEEING?

I'M AFRAID SO.

HUSH, YOU TWO! THIS IS **IMPORTANT!**

SHOULD WE GIVE THEM **WARNING**, SIRE?

WE GAVE 'EM ENOUGH **WARNING** ALREADY. IF THEY GET **CAUGHT** WITH THEIR **PANTS** DOWN, IT'S THEIR **OWN FAULT**. GET THE **TROOPS** READY.

THIS IS **AWFUL!** DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE AND CHILDREN THERE ARE IN REDONSHIRE?

I NEVER THOUGHT YEAGAR HAD THIS KIND OF **BEHAVIOR** IN HIM.

NOT AS MANY AS THERE **WILL BE** IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING.

LET'S CHECK THE **OTHER THEATER**. MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING THERE THAT CAN TELL US WHY HE'S BEING SUCH A **NASTY-HEAD**.

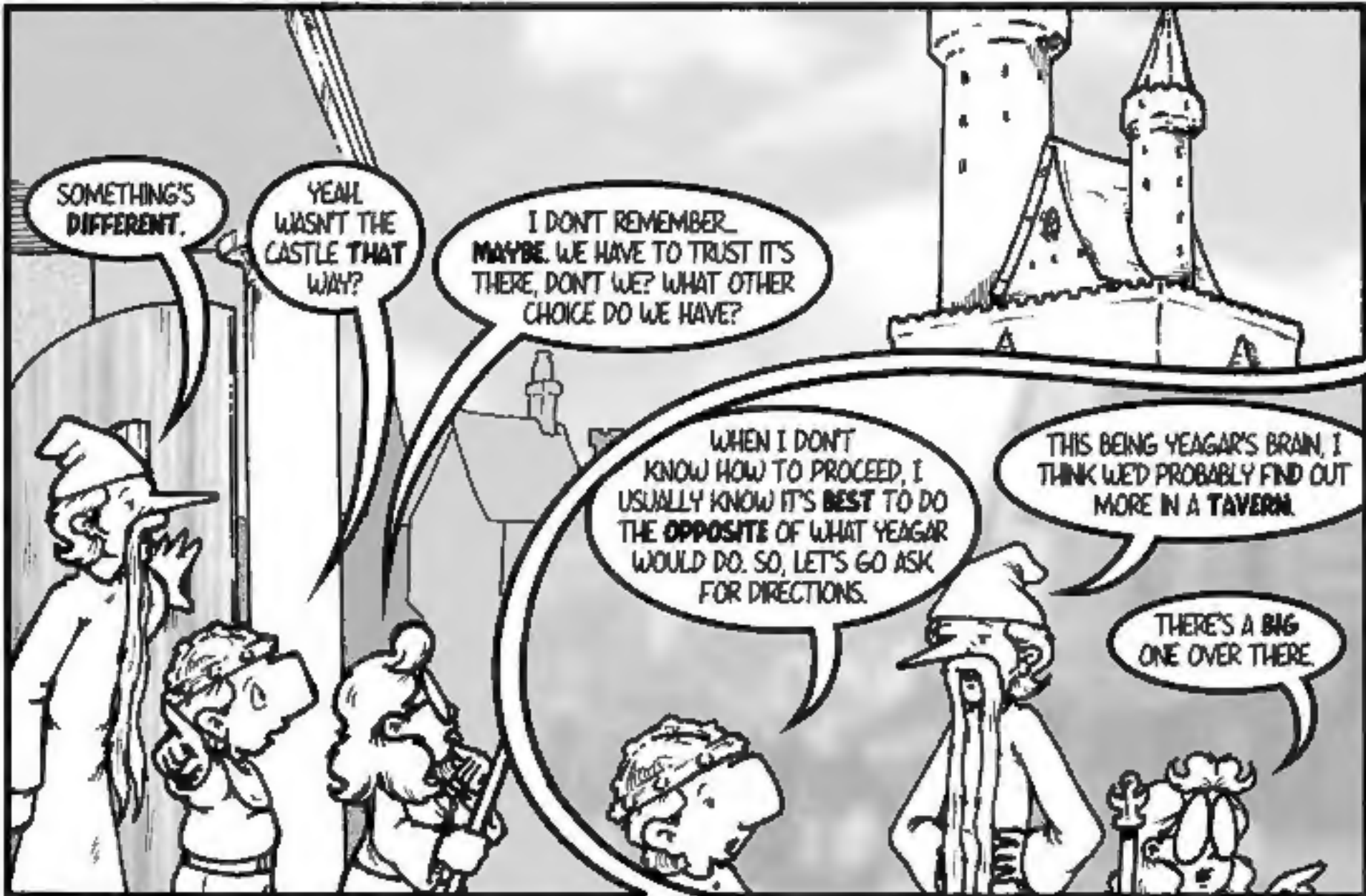
WELL, MORE SO THAN **USUAL**, ANYWAY.

HUH, THIS SEEMS RATHER **DULL**, EVEN FOR YEAGAR'S **IMAGINATION**.

NO KIDDING. I EXPECTED THERE TO BE A **"NO ONE UNDER TWENTY-ONE ADMITTED"** SIGN OUTSIDE THE **DOOR**.

DO YOU TWO HEAR SOMETHING?







AH, YOU'LL BE WANTING THE CITY COUNCIL, THEN. THEY'RE AROUND THE HEARTH OVER THERE.



ENOUGH CHATTER, ROWEN. BACK TO WORK!

KEEP YOUR KEGS TOGETHER, I'M GOING...



EXERCISE WE HAVEN'T DONE THAT IN A WHILE.

WELL, NONE THAT INVOLVED NOT USING THE GAUNTLET.

WE CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN EATING WELL... AND WE'LL BE HUNGRY AGAIN IN TWO HOURS.

MAKE A NOTE THAT WE NEED TO TAKE A "BUSINESS MEETING" WITH A TREE BEFORE TOO LONG.

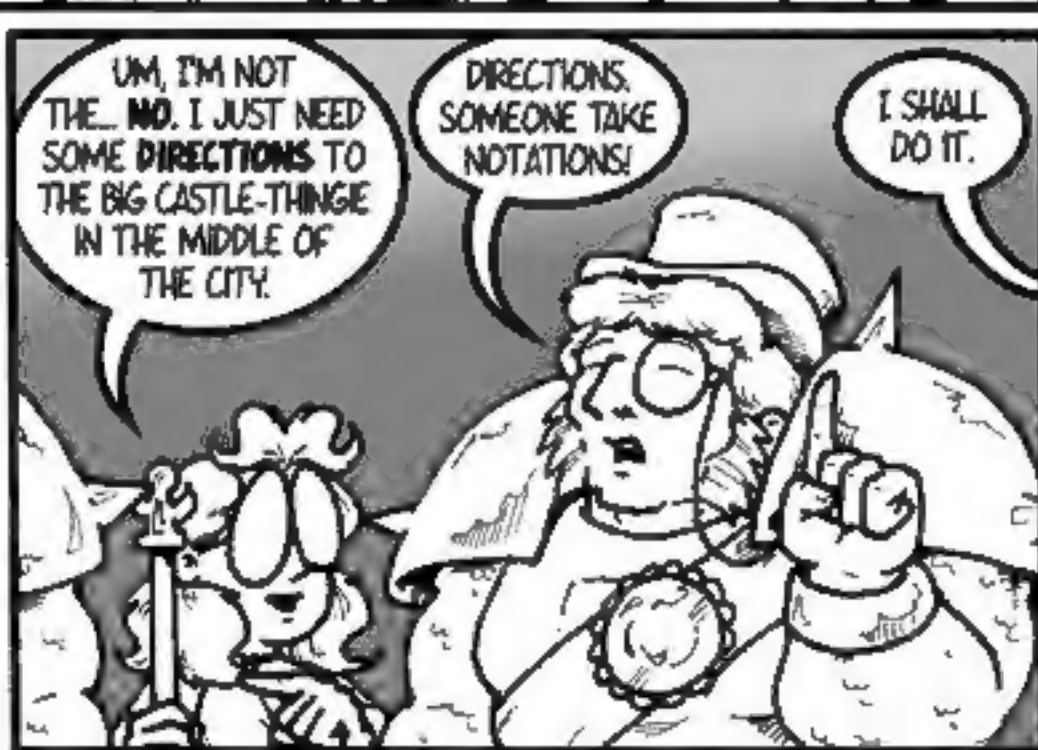
POINT OF ORDER: THERE'S AN ITCH ON OUR HEAD. I VOTE TO SCRATCH IT.

SECONDED, BUT ONLY IF WE USE OUR RIGHT HAND. I DON'T WANT A REPEAT OF THAT UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT A WEEK AGO.



AHEM, EXCUSE ME, PRETTY PLEASE?

MEETING PAUSED. YES? DO YOU HAVE THE DRINKS WE ORDERED?



UM, I'M NOT THE... NO. I JUST NEED SOME DIRECTIONS TO THE BIG CASTLE-THINGIE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CITY.

DIRECTIONS. SOMEONE TAKE NOTATIONS!

I SHALL DO IT.

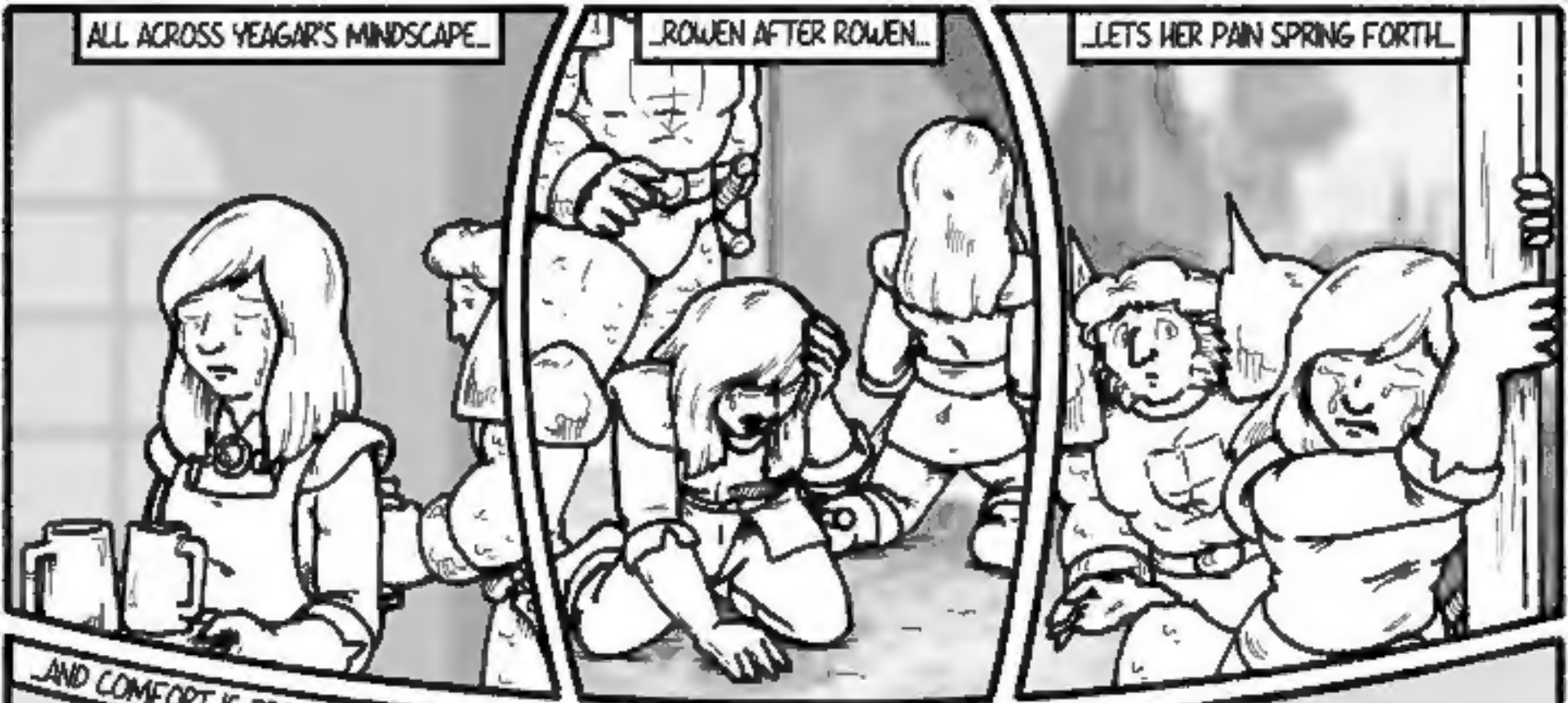




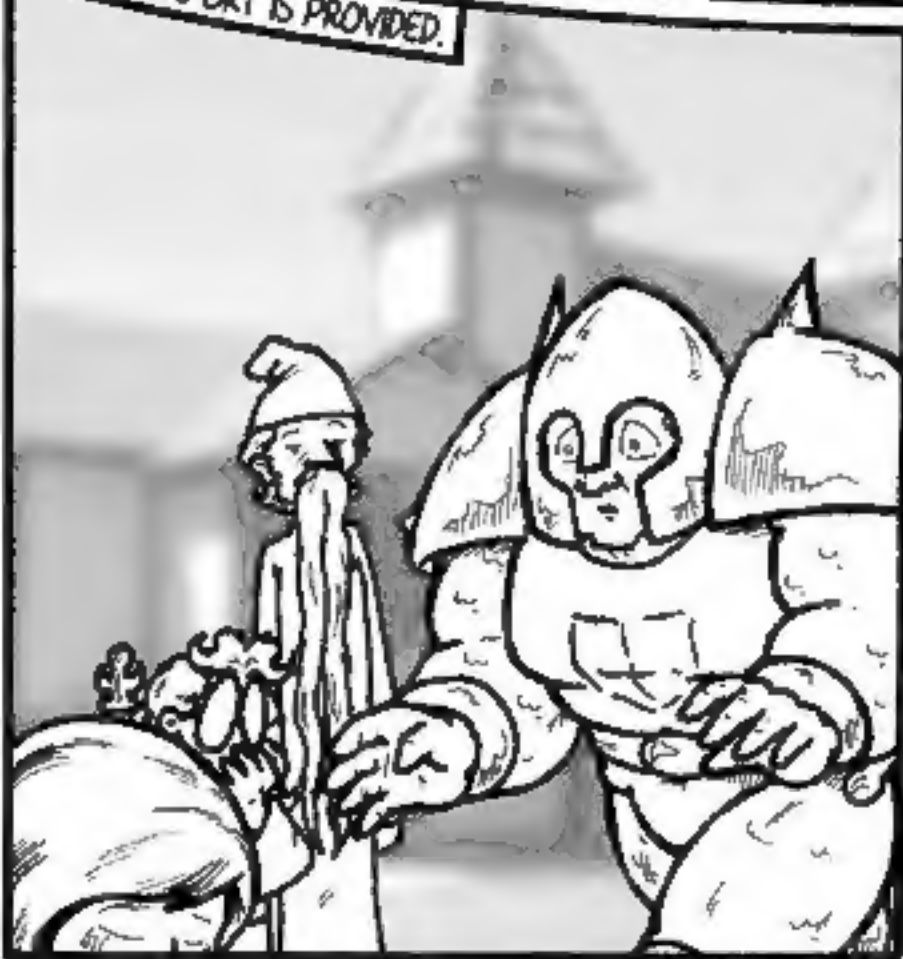
ALL ACROSS YEAGAR'S MINDSCAPE...

...ROWEN AFTER ROWEN...

...LET'S HER PAIN SPRING FORTH...



...AND COMFORT IS PROVIDED.



WHO IS THIS "ROWEN" PERSON? AND WHY--?

LESS CONJECTURE, MORE SNEAKING. INVISIBLE CASTLE, REMEMBER?



SUDDENLY, BACK IN THE "REAL WORLD..."

WRONG. THIS IS WRONG...

M'LORD?



WHAT AM I DOING? I'M GOING TO GO KILL HUNDREDS OF PEO--



POWER

WEALTH

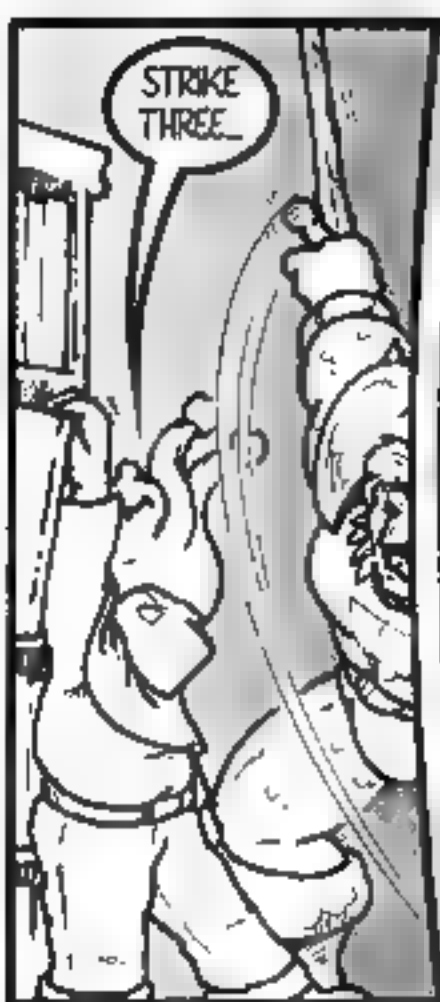
RESPECT.

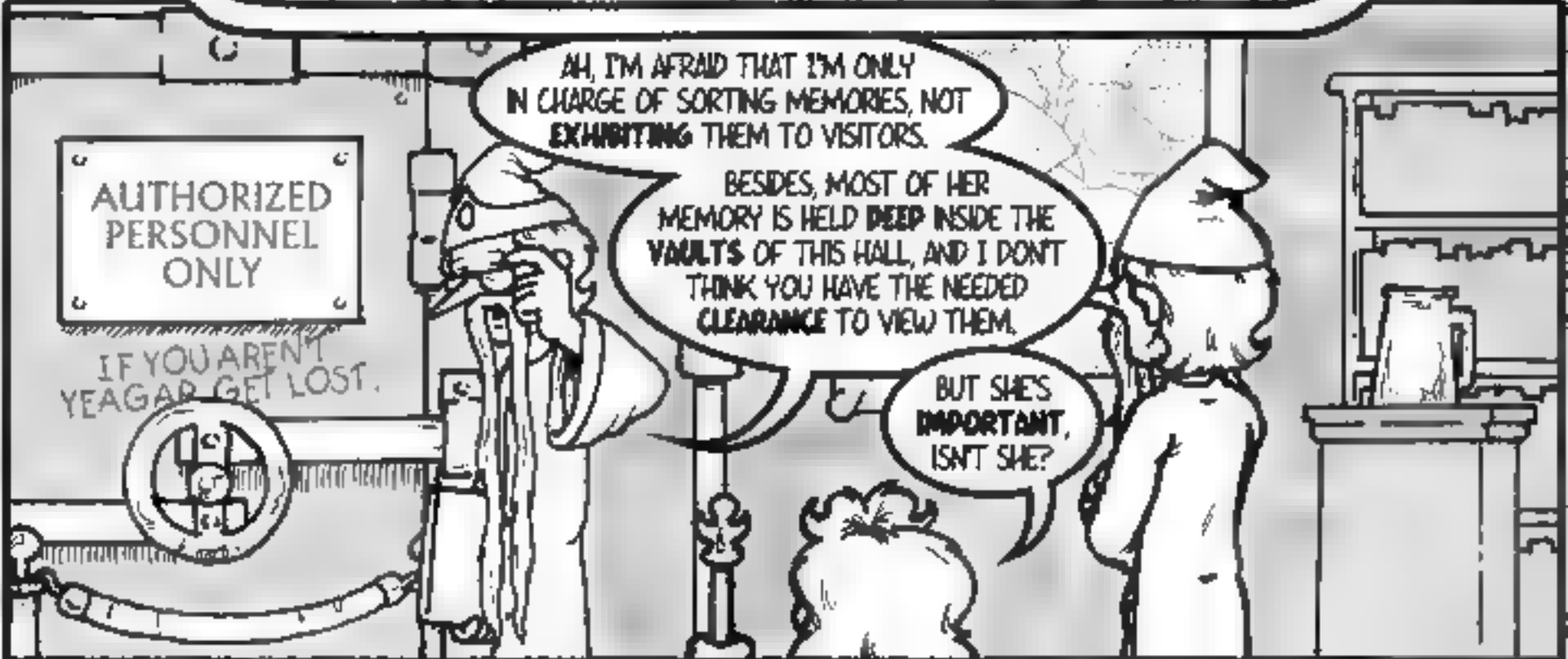
GLORY...

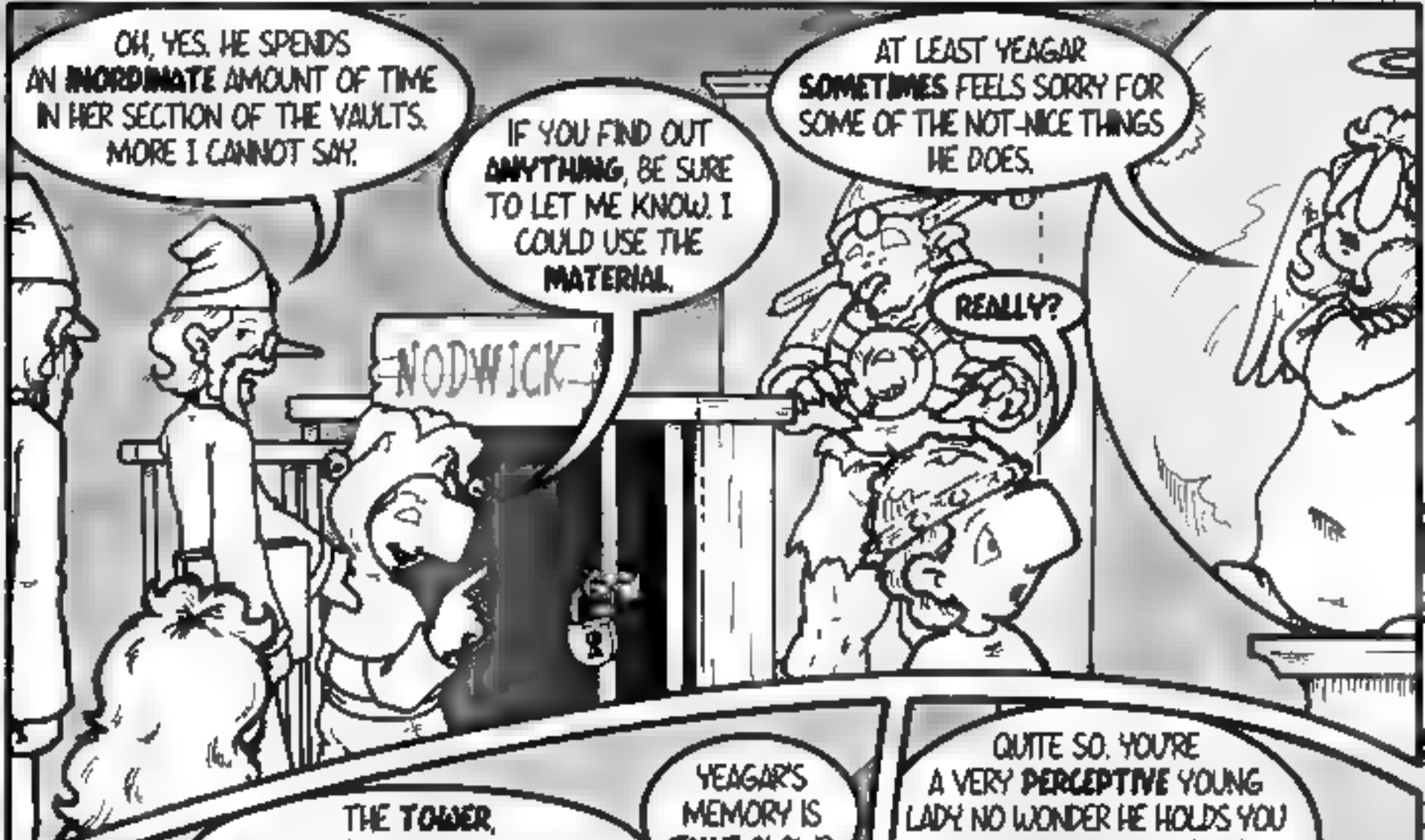












OH, YES. HE SPENDS AN **INORDINATE** AMOUNT OF TIME IN HER SECTION OF THE VAULTS. MORE I CANNOT SAY.

IF YOU FIND OUT **ANYTHING**, BE SURE TO LET ME KNOW. I COULD USE THE **MATERIAL**.

AT LEAST YEAGAR **SOMETIMES** FEELS SORRY FOR SOME OF THE NOT-NICE THINGS HE DOES.

REALLY?

NODWICK



THE **TOWER**. EH? I DON'T SUPPOSE WE COULD TAKE IT **FOR** YOU?

YEAGAR'S **MEMORY** IS THAT SLOW?

PERHAPS IT'S SOMETHING HE'S **TRYING** TO RE-MEMBER UNTIL ART... UM, HIS ARTAX GETS IT, HE CAN'T RECALL WHAT IT IS.

QUITE SO. YOU'RE A VERY **PERCEPTIVE** YOUNG LADY. NO WONDER HE HOLDS YOU IN SUCH **HIGH REGARD**... ER, WHEN YOU'RE **NOT** UNDER GLASS.

OH. EXCUSE ME, BUT I'M NEEDED TO TAKE A **MEMORY** TO THE **TOWER**.

DING!

MEMORY
O-MAT

AWWW...



HERE'S WHAT HE'S TRYING TO REMEMBER.

A **BALL**?


IT'S A **MEMORY SPHERE**. JUST BRING IT TO HIM, AND IT'LL DO THE REST. WE'LL HAVE TEA AND CUCUMBER SANDWICHES WHEN YOU RETURN, EH?

CUCUMBER SANDWICHES MAKE ME **GAG**.

IT'S PROBABLY SOMETHING YEAGAR THINKS **SMARTY-PEOPLE** EAT.

HOW DO WE GET TO THE **TOWER**?


YOU TAKE THE **MEMORY LANE**, OF COURSE.



SHOULDN'T THIS GO UP, IF WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GET TO THE TOWER?

SPATIAL RELATIONSHIPS AREN'T ALL THEY SEEM HERE. THIS WAY DOES GO TO THE TOWER, I ASSURE YOU. NOW HURRY ALONG, HE DOESN'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING.

THANKS. IT WAS TRULY... UNUSUAL... MEETING ME YOU. WHATEVER.



WOW. LOOK AT ALL THE THINGS HE REMEMBERS. THERE'S FRAGMENTS FROM ALL OVER HIS LIFE HERE.

WHAT'S THIS ONE... IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S SELLING... FLYING POTIONS? AND ISN'T THAT YOU, ARTAX?

ER, WE CAN'T KEEP HIM WAITING. NOW, REMEMBER WHAT THE OTHER ONE SAID...



AND THAT LOOKS LIKE YOU TWO DOING SOMETHING WITH THREE PLAYING CARDS. AND MONEY? WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THREE...

HEY! LOOK AT THAT!



ROWEN AGAIN.

OH, MY...

I WONDER IF SHE CAN'T LEND US A HAND ONE MORE TIME...

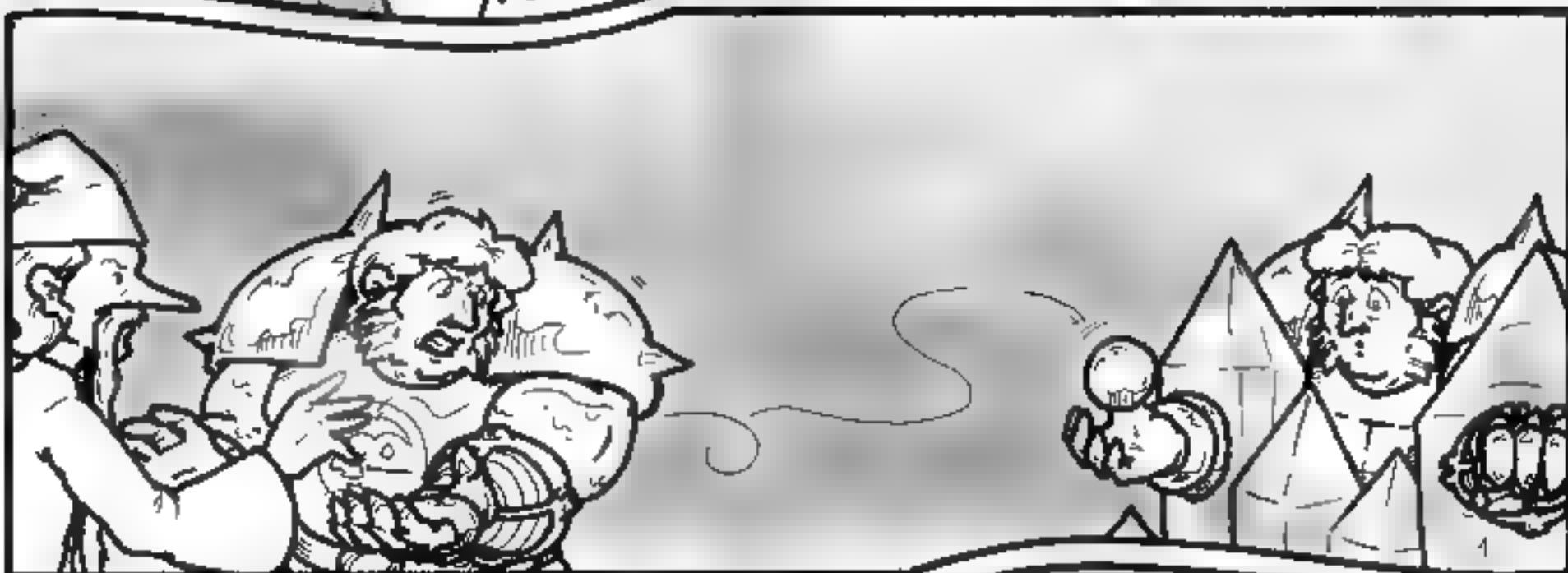


MEMORYGRAM.
HELLO?

OVER
HERE.

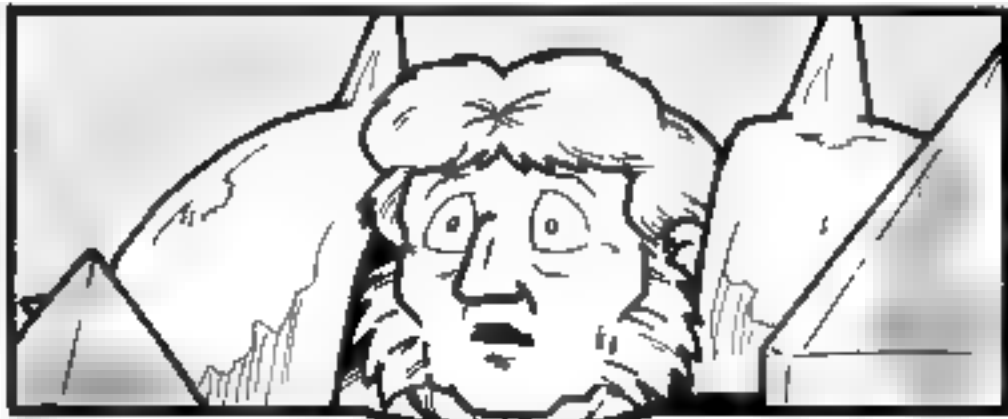
IT'S ABOUT
TIME. I CALLED FOR
IT FIVE MINUTES
AGO.

WELL, YES,
YOU KNOW. IT WAS A
TAD, ER, BURNED.





AND DON'T
THINK SHE'D LIKE IT IF YOU
GAVE UP, DO YOU?





WHAT
HAPPENED?

I THINK WE
DID IT.

WE'D BETTER
FIND YEAGAR
WITHOUT THE
GAUNTLET.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

THE SOLDIERS JUST LEFT ME. THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHY THEY'D BEEN LISTENING TO ME ALL THIS TIME, AND THEY TOOK OFF MAKING PLANS TO SELECT SOMEONE FROM THE OLD KING'S FAMILY AS REGENT. I FIGURED I PROBABLY WOULDN'T BE WELCOME BACK AT THE CASTLE, AND... SOMEHOW I KNEW YOU'D COME FIND ME.

AT LEAST
THEY LET ME KEEP
THE TENT.

WHAT ABOUT
THAT ICKY-STINK
GAUNTLET?

I DUNNO. IT WAS GONE. I WAS RESTING IN THE TENT, WAITING FOR NIGHTFALL SO WE COULD START OUR ATTACK, AND WHEN I WOKE UP... IT WASN'T THERE. JUST SOME BLACK GREASY STUFF ALL OVER MY HAND AND THE GROUND.

I WAS... KIND OF
ASLEEP, I THINK I REALLY
DON'T REMEMBER MUCH
OF WHAT HAPPENED.

WELL, CONGRATULATIONS.
IT'S NOT EVERYONE THAT CAN ESCAPE FROM
THE CLUTCHES OF A GOD'S INSTRUMENT
OF DESTRUCTION.

I'M SORRY YOU LOST
YOUR KINGDOM, BUT I'M GLAD
YOU REGAINED YOURSELF.





I HAVE NEVER MET A GOD, BEFORE, MY LORD. EVEN WHEN UTHOK OF THE DARKLIGHT STILL HEARD MY PRAYERS, I DIDNT—

FORGET UTHOK. WHILE YOUR SUPPLICATIONS FOR RESTORATION WENT UNHEEDED BY HIM, THEY HAVE NOT BEEN IN VAIN. I HEARD THEM, AND I NOW MAKE YOU MY HIGH PRIESTESS. USE WELL THE POWER I GRANT YOU.

THANK YOU, MY LORD.

RISE, ELONAN, HIGH PRIESTESS OF BAPHUMA'AL, AND RECEIVE FURTHER GIFTS FROM YOUR GOD.

I AM NOT WORTHY, LORD.

THIS TOME CONTAINS THE MOST ANCIENT AND DARKEST OF MAGIC RITES. YOUR ARCAINE COLLEAGUE CAN MAKE USE OF IT, IN MY SERVICE.



AND I SENSE YOU KNOW SOMEONE ELSE WHO COULD USE THIS SECOND ITEM?



INDEED, MY LORD.

HE MAY FIND HIS RE-AWAKENING EVEN GREATER THAN HE COULD HAVE HOPED...



Arce



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